

The Mirror

OF

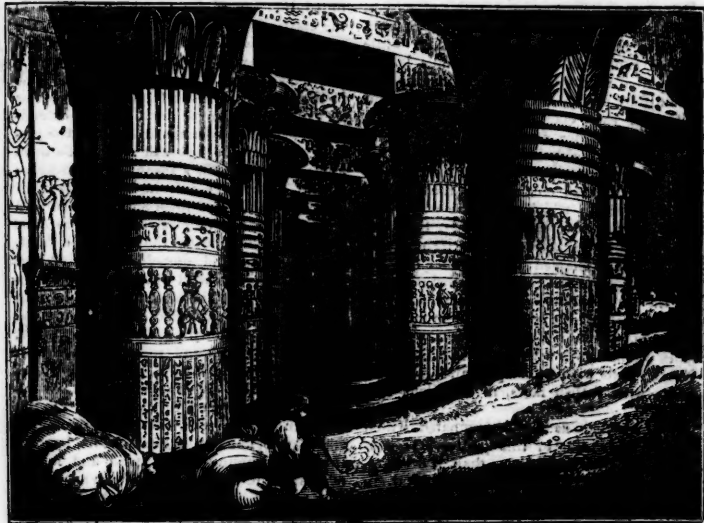
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 724.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE:



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ESNE.

ESNE, Esneh, or Asnah, (called by the Egyptians *Sue* or *Sua*,) is an important city of Upper Egypt, on the left bank of the Nile, about twenty-seven miles south of the ruins of Thebes. It was known to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Latopolis, among the ruins of which stands the above temple—a stupendous specimen of Egyptian architecture, which has, perhaps, obtained from travellers less notice than it deserves, and must unquestionably have belonged to one of the most elegant structures in Egypt. Of this magnificent ruin, we find the following details in Mr. St. John's recent Travels.*

"The length of the pronaos, (or portico,) is one hundred and twenty-four feet, its depth sixty-seven: but from the great accumulation of the soil around, Mr. St. John could only conjecture that it may have been

about fifty feet in height. It has an elegantly painted cornice, torus, and frieze, and its walls, columns, architrave, plinths, are richly sculptured with the mysterious figures of the gods and goddesses of Egypt; among which that of Osiris Ammon, the ram-headed god of Thebes, is perhaps the most prominent. Unfortunately, the ruin is so closely and thickly surrounded by the houses of the inhabitants, that its walls can only be approached in a few places. The cella is entirely buried beneath the rubbish, and a part of the town built over it. Government having converted the portico into a warehouse, it is in some measure protected from wanton dilapidation; but, as the exterior intercolumniations, originally encumbered with a mural skreen, have now been built up to the architrave, the whole interior is buried in almost total darkness, and must be examined by tapers, like a hypogeum.

"Immense blocks of stone, resting on rafters of the same material, and extending from the façade to the cella, constitute the roof of the pronaos. The columns, twenty-four in number, and seventeen feet two inches in

* Egypt and Mohammed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By James Augustus St. John. 3 vols. 8vo. 1834. The Engraving is from one of the Lithographs in Mr. Wilkinson's still more recent Travels.—The Topography of Thebes,—already quoted.

diameter, are disposed in six rows, three on either side of the entrance. The central intercolumniation, leading to the sekos, is seventeen feet in breadth; the others measuring nine feet three inches. A profusion of sculpture adorns the shafts, and the capitals are exceedingly beautiful, the foliage, which, in some cases, represents that of the palm-tree, projecting in a series of curves, leaf behind leaf, scarcely yielding in richness to that of the Corinthian order; while others consist of a cluster of lotus leaves, sculptured with equal delicacy, and no less beautifully arranged than the former. But although each column, viewed separately, irresistibly excites admiration, the effect of the whole is highly incongruous.

"Of the greater portion of the innumerable figures sculptured on the walls, the impenetrable gloom in which nearly the whole pronaos is wrapped, prevented Mr. St. John judging with precision; for the light of the tapers, which enabled him to make out the lower compartments, merely afforded glimpses of the dim, mysterious procession of gods and mortals which seemed still to move far above in endless files along the walls. On all sides we have gods with dogs' heads, and cats' heads; gods with monkeys' tails and rams' tails; with foolish faces, in ridiculous attitudes.

"The zodiac, as it is denominated, which adorns the ceiling of this portico, has, perhaps, attracted more notice than it deserves. Like that of Dendera, it would appear, in fact, to be merely a series of mythological figures, symbolical of the various offspring of the celestial Venus. On the southern wall, immediately under the zodiac, is a figure of Bouto, with the pschent and lituus mitre, seated on a throne, while a male god, with a sickle in his hand, is engaged before her in reaping what appears to be a handful of mingled lotus and dhourra. Farther back is an ibis-headed Thoth, throned and mitred, receiving an offering of the figure of a god, with a single feather on his head. Behind Thoth, or "Thrice Great Hermes," Aroëris, the hawk-headed divinity, appears to stand as an inferior. On the front of the cella there is a figure of Harpocrates, holding in one hand the yoni-lingam and flagellum, the fore-finger of the other being raised and pointed to his lips; while a male worshipper approaches him, bearing a costly offering, consisting of a bowl, a sceptre, a graduated staff, and a yoni-lingam. Near this group is Osiris on his throne, with Isis standing beside him, bearing on her head a globe, resting between the horns of a cow. Proceeding farther towards the north, we observe a youth playing on a kind of sistrum with eight strings, before Bouto, or Latona, who wields the bird-headed sceptre of the male divinities, her head being adorned with a single

round-topped feather, bound on with a fillet or lotus stem.

"Among the interminable bas-reliefs on the columns are several winged scarabæi, holding between their claws, the mystic ball of cow's dung, from which, according to the Egyptians, they produced their young, without the aid of a female. This ball, when impregnated, was buried for twenty-eight days in the earth, after which, being uncovered, the young beetles crept forth;—a fable containing, according to mythologists, some mystic allusion to the revolution of the moon, which in that period seems to terminate and renew its existence. On the mural screen, extending between the columns in front of the pronaos, we find the figure of a crocodile upon a low pedestal, while a worshipper approaches it with offerings, which he seems about to place before the god upon an altar piled with fruit and other delicacies. The crocodile bears the globe, with the uræus in front, upon his head, and immediately behind him is another uræus with the outspread wings of the vulture. The door formerly leading into the sekos, and adorned with the usual frieze, cornice, moulding, and winged globe, is now built up, and plastered over with mud. Above the cornice is another globe, apparently that of the sun, with Osiris-Ammon standing up in its centre. On the northern exterior wall, Bouto is represented standing before the throne of Isis, bearing the Kteis-Phallus in one hand, and in the other the bird-headed sceptre, with a bow and two arrows; and in front of the two goddesses is an altar before which stands a male worshipper, bearing in one hand a staff, while the other is raised in an attitude of supplication. Upon another part of the wall, near Soukos and Ammon, is Boubasta, seated on a throne, bearing a bow and three arrows, while before her stands a hunter, just returned from the chase, with his slackened bow and unused arrows in his hand. To Ammon, who stands on the right hand of Boubasta, a worshipper is presenting an offering of five lotus flowers. A series of hawks with outspread wings runs along the upper part of the wall."

The precise date of the temple of Esné has been much disputed. Mr. St. John considers the ancient name Latopolis to signify "the City of Latona," the *Bouto* of the Egyptians—a goddess of great import in their mythology, who, it is said, possessed in Egypt an oracular shrine, celebrated for the truth of its responses, delivered, probably, from the identical temple the portico of which still exists. Yet, "the portico, on the ceiling of which the famous zodiac is painted, however ancient it may be, is less so than the cella, the front of which projects into the pronaos subsequently erected about it, so as to leave a small aperture between the original edifice and the

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more modern addition. From the style of the architecture and sculpture, strongly resembling that of the temple of Philæ, it appears extremely probable that this pronaos is a Ptolemaic structure; consequently, the vast antiquity claimed for it by the fanciful interpreters of its zodiac is a vain chimera. How long the erection of the sekos may have preceded that of the pronaos, it is of course impossible to determine; but it would, I apprehend, be absurd to assign it a much older date, since the whole harmonizes well together, unlike the patchwork temple of Dakke in Nubia, where the modern additions are palpably in a different style from the original building."

Mr. Wilkinson observes, that "whatever may have been the date of the inner portion of this temple, the portico merely represents the names of some of the early Cæsars; those of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar Germanicus, and Autocætor Cæsar Vespasianus, occurring in the dedication over the entrance; and those of Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus, in the interior." The same writer regrets that the pilasters containing the names of the Egyptian months, "as well as the general effect of this noble edifice, are now concealed from the view by a dismal brick wall, which, though it protects the cotton of the pacha, almost entirely excludes the light."

M. Champollion, in opposition to the supposition that the zodiac is two hundred years older than that of Denderah, is decidedly of opinion that the *great Temple of Esné*, as it is called, instead of being one of the most ancient buildings of Egypt, is one of the most modern. He draws this conclusion from the rudeness and stiffness of the bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, as well as from the inscriptions. The latter contain merely the names of different Roman emperors. "The real age of the pronaos of Esné," adds M. Champollion, "is, therefore, not of a more remote period than of the reign of the emperor Claudius; and the sculpture, among which is the famous zodiac, are as late as the time of Caracalla." The marquis Spineto, in his Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics, acquiesces in the opinion of Champollion.

TOMBS OF CHAPMAN AND PENDRELL.

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 722 of the *Mirror*, page 362, in the article, "The Restoration of Charles II.," when speaking of the tomb of Chapman the poet, you say his tomb was demolished in taking down the old church: this must be an error; for the monument is at this time standing against the south wall of St. Giles's church. The inscription had become illegible, but, in the year 1827, Messrs. Parker

and Birch, the churchwardens, caused the lines to be re-cut on a stone slab, and let into the original monument.

At the same time, they made an alteration in Pendrell's tomb, by inserting one panel in each of the north and south sides, instead of the two, as they appear in your Engraving; and a new panel in the east and west sides. The inscription on the top having become nearly extinct, the head lines were then also re-cut on the north side, and the verses on the south side.

Mr. Parker caused also an oak to be planted at the end of Pendrell's tomb; but, from frequently removing the adjacent earth, the tree died.

The custom of decorating the tomb with oak branches was revived this year

June 1st, 1835.

A. LIDDLE.

••• We thank our Correspondent for these important corrections, and feel pleasure in recording the public spirit of the Churchwardens who have caused to be repaired these interesting memorials of genius and loyalty. A point still remains to be rectified. We have stated that Chapman was buried in the old church of St. Giles, which was taken down in 1624; whereas, the poet died ten years subsequent to this date, and fourteen years after the date in the inscription, or 1620, according to a plate in Smith's Antiquities, published in 1793; and the inscription, as restored in 1827. The church was rebuilt in 1625, and built a third time in 1730-1735; so that if the date on the tomb bespeak its erection, it must have been placed in or against the first church.

Manners and Customs.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

It has long been customary, when any of the Royal Family visit Belvoir Castle, for the chief of the family of Staunton, of Staunton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, personally to appear and present the key of the stronghold of the castle, (called Staunton's Tower,) to the Royal visiter. This ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Staunton, in virtue of his manor of Staunton, commonly called "Castle Guard," with an appropriate speech to the Prince Regent, (George IV.), when his Royal Highness was present at the christening of the Marquis of Granby, in 1814. Dr. Staunton's son performed the same ceremony as his father's deputy, when the late Duke of Gloucester visited Belvoir.—*History of the Commoners.*

THE GAULS.

(From the French.)

GAUL, (now France,) says the old poet Budée, boasts a race of men, intrepid, and exceedingly fitted for war.

One may behold the Gauls, (says Cæsar,) though mortally wounded, yet willing to rush upon the enemy, and falling, laugh and die. They plunge their new-born children in cold water, to render them hardy.

According to the same authority, the

Gauls were curious to excess; they stopped travellers, and gathered round them, in public places to inquire the news: they showed themselves generous, confiding, and sincere. They were fond of ornaments, and wore bracelets, necklaces, and rings, and girdles of gold. They dyed their hair red, with a pomatum composed of goat's fat and beech ashes; and when they marched to battle, made themselves of terrible aspect, by surmounting their heads with a long mane of hair the colour of blood.

Vergobrets, or sovereigns, (the first magistrates,) powdered their hair and beard, on days of ceremony, with gold-dust. Women were admitted into all councils called to treat of peace and war. In these, the men appointed to keep silence, had the privilege of cutting off a small piece of the dress of those who made too much noise. A man too fat was obliged to pay a fine, which was augmented or lessened in proportion to the increase or diminution of his *embonpoint*.

When a girl became of marriageable age, her father invited the young men of the neighbourhood to dinner, that she might select from them, him who most pleased her; and to show this preference, he was the first to whom she presented the basin, after dinner, for the performance of his ablutions.* To settle a lawsuit, the Gauls had frequently recourse to the Judgment of the Two Ravens, thus:—the parties placed on the same piece of board two cakes of meal, moistened with oil and wine, and carried them to the borders of a certain lake, where, ere long, a couple of ravens made their appearance, scattered one, and ate up the other. The owner of the scattered cake gained his cause.

The Gauls reckoned by nights; and this custom held good till the twelfth century; they spoke of fifteen nights instead of fifteen days.—[Is it in England then, a relic of barbarism to speak of fourteen nights—a fortnight—instead of so many days? We know not; but have, at least, a high authority for this mode of calculation:—who does not recollect that, “the evening and morning made the first day?” and so on throughout the six, of creation.]

M. L. B.

RIDING THE POLE.

“On April 2nd,” says the *Exeter Flying Post*, of two or three years since, “a fair is held at Broadclist, about five miles from the city: the day after is devoted by the people of the place to holiday-making, and amongst the games and pastimes set afloat, it is usual for one to be placed in the situation of judge, before whom, all such as can be laid hold of, are brought; and real or imaginary pecca-

* Rendered, after eating, most necessary then, (as even now in Oriental countries,) by the use of fingers for such purposes as were happily answered by knives and forks in later days.—T.

dillos being urged against them by a sham prosecutor, they are, of course, convicted, and amerced for penalties of liquor, in proportion to their supposed means; but, in default of payment, are made ‘to ride the pole.’ This is the being placed astride a rather slender pole, which is borne on the shoulders of the by-standers; and may be conceived to afford anything but a comfortable seat.”

Is not this the same kind of rustic punishment, as that inflicted in several counties on hen-pecked husbands, scolding wives, faithless spouses, and disorderly characters of both sexes?—punishments known in different places by different names, but described in various volumes of the *Mirror*, as “Stanging,” “Skimmington Riding,” “Boarding,” &c. And Mrs. Bray, in her novel of *Warleigh*, depicts, as a well-known Devonshire custom, and the same as the above-named, that summary act of justice, inflicted by an enraged peasantry on the notorious Captain Doll,—the “Riding to Water.”

M. L. B.

EARTHQUAKE.

This dreadful visitation, usually amongst Catholic Christians gives rise, most properly, to acts of penitence and prayer: it will scarcely be supposed that any nation on earth should deem it a cause of rejoicing; yet, as the author of *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela* informs us, “The Caribi Indians assemble and dance to their rude music, in the great river Cautri, during a violent earthquake, rejoicing at an event which, they believe, bestows fresh vigour and fertility on the earth.”

New Books.

MRS. BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

[We resume from page 382 our melange of extracts. It should be observed that Mrs. Butler does not appear insensible of the imperfections of herself; for, in the preface she writes,]—

The portion of America which I have visited has been a very small one, and, I imagine, by no means that from which the most interesting details are to be drawn. I have been neither to the south nor to the west; consequently have had no opportunity of seeing two large portions of the population of this country,—the enterprising explorers of the late wildernesses on the shores of the Mississippi,—and the black race of the slave states, both classes of men presenting peculiarities of infinite interest to the traveller: the one, a source of energy and growing strength, the other, of disease and decay, in this vast political body.

My sphere of observation has been confined to the Atlantic cities, whose astonishing mercantile prosperity, and motley mongrel so-

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cieties, though curious under many aspects, are interesting but under few.

What I registered were my immediate impressions of what I saw and heard; of course, liable to all the errors attendant upon first perceptions, and want of time and occasion for maturer investigation. The notes I have added while preparing the text for the press; and such opinions and details as they contain are the result of a longer residence in this country, and a somewhat better acquaintance with the people of it.

Written, as my journal was, day by day, and often after the fatigues of a laborious evening's duty at the theatre, it has infinite sins of carelessness to answer for; and but that it would have taken less time and trouble to re-write the whole book, or rather write a better, I would have endeavoured to correct them.

[In the first page is this pretty mem., gushful of sincerity and delightful feeling.]

I had a bunch of carnations in my hand, which I had snatched from our drawing-room chimney;—English flowers!—dear English flowers! they will be withered long before I again see land, but I will keep them until I once more stand upon the soil on which they grew.

Baltimore Theatre.

At half-past five, took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*; the house was extremely full; they are a delightful audience. My *Romeo* had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in *Romeo*, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too,—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive, crimson satin, all bepuckered, and beplaited, and bepudded, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trousers and tattered shirt sleeves were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

Romeo.—Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

Juliet (*aside*).—Oh, you've got me up horribly!—that'll never do: let me down, pray let me down.

Romeo.—There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips, And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

Juliet (*aside*).—Pray, put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

Romeo.—Tear not our heart-strings thus! They crack! they break!—*Juliet!* *Juliet!* (*dies*.)

Juliet (*to corpse*).—Am I smothering you?

Corpse (*to Juliet*).—Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—It has fallen off.

Juliet (*to Corpse*).—I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse* nodded.)

Juliet (*to Corpse*).—Where's your dagger?

Corpse (*to Juliet*).—"Pon my soul, I don't know.

Visit to Black Hawk.

At a little after ten, — came to take us to see the savages. We drove down, D—, my father, he, and I, to their hotel. We found, even at that early hour, the portico, passage, and staircase, thronged with gazers upon the same errand as ourselves. We made our way, at length, into the presence chamber; a little, narrow, dark room, with all the windows shut, crowded with people, come to stare at their fellow wild beasts. Upon a sofa sat Black Hawk, a diminutive, shrivelled looking, old man, with an appearance of much activity in his shrunk limbs, and a calmness and dignified self-composure in his manner, which, in spite of his want of size and comeliness, was very striking. Next to him sat a young man, the adopted son of his brother the prophet; whose height and breadth, and peculiar gravity of face and deportment, were those of a man nearly forty, whereas he is little more than half that age. The undisturbed seriousness of his countenance was explained to me by *their keeper*, thus: he had, it seems, the day before, indulged rather too freely in the delights of champagne, and was suffering just retribution in the shape of a headache, — unjust retribution I should say; for, in his savage experience, no such sweet, bright poison had ever before been recorded, *I guess*, by the after pain it causes. Next to him sat Black Hawk's son, a noble, big, young creature, like a fine, Newfoundland puppy, with a handsome, scornful face, which yet exhibited more familiarity and good-humoured amusement at what was going on than any of the rest. His hair was powdered on the top, and round the ears, with a bright, vermilion-coloured powder, and knots of scarlet berries or beads, I don't know which, hung

like ear-rings on each side of his face. A string of glass beads was tied round his naked throat; he was wrapped in a large blanket, which completely concealed his form, except his legs and feet, which were clothed in common leather shoes, and a species of deerskin gaiter. He seemed much alive to what was going on, conversed freely in his own language with his neighbour, and laughed once or twice aloud, which rather surprised me, as I had heard so much of their immovable gravity. The costume of the other young man was much the same, except that his hair was not adorned. Black Hawk himself had on a blue cloth surout, scarlet leggings, a black silk neck handkerchief, and ear-rings. His appearance altogether was not unlike that of an old French gentleman. Beside him, on a chair, sat one of his warriors, wrapped in a blanket, with a cotton handkerchief whiped round his head. At one of the windows apart from their companions, with less courtesy in their demeanour, and a great deal of sullen savageness in their serious aspects, sat the great warrior, and the prophet of the tribe—the latter is Black Hawk's brother. I cannot express the feeling of commiseration and disgust which the whole scene gave me. That men such as ourselves, creatures with like feelings, like perceptions, should be brought, as strange animals at a show, to be gazed at the live-long day by succeeding shoals of gaping folk, struck me as totally unfitting. The cold dignity of the old chief, and the malignant scowl of the prophet, expressed the indecency and irksomeness of such a situation. Then, to look at those two young savages, with their fine muscular proportions, and think of them cooped up the whole horrible day long, in this hot prison-house full of people, made my heart ache. How they must loathe the sight of these narrow walls, and the sound of these strange voices! how they must sicken for their unmeasured range of wilderness! The gentleman who seemed to have the charge of them pressed me to go up and shake hands with them, as every body else in the room did; but I refused to do so from literal compassion, and unwillingness to add to the wearisome toil they were made to undergo. As we were departing, however, they reiterated their entreaties that we would go up and shake hands with them,—so I did. Black Hawk and the young men received our courtesy with great complaisance; but when we went to the great warrior and the prophet, they seemed exceedingly loath to receive our hands, the latter particularly, who had, moreover, one of the very worst expressions I think I ever saw upon a human countenance. I instinctively withdrew my hand; but when my father offered his, the savage's face relaxed into a smile, and he met his greeting

readily. I wonder what pleased him about my father's appearance, whether it was his large size or not. I had a silver vinaigrette in my pouch, which I gave Black Hawk's son, by way of keepsake: it will make a charming present for his squaw.

BELFORD REGIS.—BY MISS MITFORD.

(Concluded from page 368.)

Children out of Doors.

Or all living objects, children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are in my eyes less engaging. If well-behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *gênés*—if ill-conducted, the *gêne* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places,—that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out of doors there is no such limitation: from the gipsy urchins under a hedge, to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch, and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groups or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a story. As, the pretty scene of childish distress which I saw last winter on my way to East Court,—a distress which told its own story as completely as the picture of the broken pitcher! Driving rapidly along the beautiful road from Eversley-bridge to Finchamstead, up hill and down; on the one side a wide shelving bank, dotted with fine old oaks and beeches, intermingled with thorn and birch, and magnificent holly, and edging into Mr. Palmer's forest-like woods; on the other, an open hilly country, studded with large single trees. In the midst of this landscape, rich and lovely even in winter, in the very middle of the road, stood two poor cottage children, a year or two younger than the damsel of Oxford; a large basket dangling from the hand of one of them, and a heap of barley-meal—the barley-meal that should have been in the basket—the week's dinner of the pig, scattered in the dirt at their feet. Poor little dears, how they cried! They could not have told their story, had not their story told itself;—they had been carrying the basket between them, and somehow it had slipped. A shilling remedied that disaster, and sent away all parties smiling and content.

Then again, this very afternoon, the squabbles of those ragged urchins at cricket on the common—a disputed point of *out or not out?*

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The eight-year-old boy who will not leave his wicket; the seven and nine-year-old imps who are trying to force him from his post; the wrangling partisans of all ages, from ten downwards, the two contending *sides*, who are bawling for victory; the grave, ragged umpire, a lad of twelve, with a stick under his arm, who is solemnly listening to the cause; and the younger and less interested spectators, some just breeched, and others still condemned to the ignominious petticoat, who are sitting on the bank, and wondering which party will carry the day!

What can be prettier than this, unless it be the fellow group of girls—sisters, I presume, to the boys—who are laughing and screaming round the great oak; then darting to and fro, in a game compounded of hide-and-seek and base-ball. Now tossing the ball high, high amidst the branches; now flinging it low along the common, bowling, as it were, almost within reach of the cricketers; now pursuing, now retreating, running, jumping, shouting, bawling—almost shrieking with ecstasy; whilst one sunburnt black-eyed gipsy throws forth her laughing face from behind the trunk of the old oak, and then flings a newer and a gayer ball—fortunate purchase of some hoarded sixpence—amongst her admiring playmates. Happy, happy children! that one hour of innocent enjoyment is worth an age!

Belford thirty years since.

Belford is thirty years older since the joyous Christmas holidays which have left so pleasant an impression on my memory, and more than thirty years larger, since it has increased and multiplied, not after the staid and sober fashion of an English country town, but in the ratio of an American city—Cincinnati for instance, or any other settlement of the West, which was the wilderness yesterday, and starts into a metropolis to-morrow. Moreover, I doubt if the habits of the middle ranks in England be as sociable now as they were then. The manners immortalized by Miss Austen are rapidly passing away. There is more of finery, more of literature, more of accomplishment, and, above all, more of pretension, than there used to be. Scandal vanished with the tea-table; gossiping is out of fashion; jokes are gone by; conversation is critical, analytical, political—anything but personal. The world is a wise world, and a learned world, and a scientific world; but not half so merry a world as it was thirty years ago. And then, courteous reader, I too am thirty years older, which must be taken into the account; for if those very supper-parties, those identical Christmas holidays, which I enjoyed so much at fourteen, were to return again bodily, with all their “quips and cranks, and jollity,” it is just a thousand to one but they found the woman of forty-four too grave

for them, and longing for the quiet and decorum of the elegant *conversazione* and select dinners of 1834: of such contradictions is this human nature of ours mingled and composed!

The Cheese Fair.

The great fair at Belford had even higher pretensions to public favour than a deep-rooted old English feeling. It was a scene of business as well as of amusement, being not only a great market for horses and cattle, but one of the principal marts for the celebrated cheese of the great dairy countries. Factors from the west and dealers from London arrived days before the actual fair-day; and wagon after wagon, laden with the round, hard, heavy merchandise, rumbled slowly into the Forbury, where the great space before the school-house, the whole of the boys' play-ground, was fairly covered with stacks of Cheddar and North Wilts. Fancy the singular effect of piles of cheeses several feet high, extending over a whole large cricket-ground, and divided only by narrow paths littered with straw, amongst which wandered the busy chapmen, offering a taste of their wares to their cautious customers the country shopkeepers (who poured in from every village within twenty miles), and the thrifty housewives of the town, who, bewildered by the infinite number of samples, which to an uneducated palate seemed all alike, chose at last almost at random! Fancy the effect of this remarkable scene, surrounded by cattle, horses, shows, and people, the usual moving picture of a fair; the fine gothic church of St. Nicholas on one side; the old arch of the abbey, and the abrupt eminence called Forbury hill, crowned by a grand clump of trees, on the other; the Mall, with its row of old limes and its handsome houses, behind; and in front, the great river flowing slowly through green meadows, and backed by the high ridge of Oxfordshire hills;—imagine this brilliant panorama, and you will not wonder that the most delicate ladies braved the powerful fumes of the cheese—an odour so intense that it even penetrated the walls and windows of the school-house—to contemplate the scene. When lighted up at night, it was perhaps still more fantastic and attractive, particularly before the Zoological gardens had afforded a home to the travelling wild beast, whose roars and howlings at feeding-time used to mingle so grotesquely with the drums, trumpets, and fiddles of the dramatic and equestrian exhibitions, and the laugh, and shout, and song of the merry visitors.

Oranges.

I have an exceeding affection for oranges and the smell of oranges in every shape: the leaf, the flower, the whole flowering tree, with its exquisite elegance, its rare union of rich-

ness and delicacy, and its aristocratic scarcity and unwillingness to blossom, or even to grow in this climate, without light and heat, and shelter and air, and all the appliances which its sweetness and beauty so well deserve. I even love that half-evergreen, flexible honeysuckle, with the long wreaths of flowers, which does condescend to spread and flourish, and even to blow for half the year, all the better, because its fragrance approaches nearer to that of the orange blossom than any other that I know: and the golden fruit with its golden rind, I have loved both for the scent and the taste from the day when a tottering child, laughing and reaching after the prize which I had scarcely words enough to ask for, it was doled out to me in quarters, through the time when, a little older, I was promoted to the possession of half an orange to my own share, and that still prouder hour when I attained the object of my ambition, and had a whole orange to do what I liked with, up to this very now, when, if oranges were still things to sigh for, I have only to send to Mrs. Hollis's shop, and receive in return for one shilling, lawful money of Great Britain, more of the golden fruit than I know what to do with. Everybody has gone through this chapter of the growth and vanity of human wishes—has longed for the fruit, not only for its own sweetness, but as a mark of property and power, which vanish when possessed—great to the child, to the woman nothing. But I still love oranges better and care for them more than grown people usually do, and above all things I like the smell; the rather, perhaps, that it puts me in mind of the days when, at school in London, I used to go to the play so often, and always found the house scented with the quantity of orange-peel in the pit, so that to this hour that particular fragrance brings John Kemble to my recollection. I certainly like it the better on that account, and as certainly, although few

persons can be less like the great tragedian—glorious John!—as certainly I like it none the worse for recalling to my mind, my friend Mrs. Hollis.

My friend Mr. Jerrold has added still another theatrical association by his inimitable creation of Orange Moll—a pleasant extravagance worthy of Middleton.

An Equivoque.

As an illustration both of her passion for politics, and of the way in which one is oneself possessed by the subject that happens to be the point of interest at the moment, I cannot help relating an equivoque which occurred between Mrs. Hollis and myself. I had been to London on theatrical business, and called at the shop a day or two after my return, and our little marketing being transacted, and civil inquiries as to the health of the family made and answered, I was going away, when Mrs. Hollis stopped me by asking "how they were getting on at the two great houses in London?"—"Badly enough, I am afraid, Mrs. Hollis," said I.—"No doubt, ma'am," responded the lady of the orange-shop; "but what can be expected from such management?"—Just then fresh customers entered, and I walked off wondering what Mrs. Hollis could have heard of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, and their respective mis-managements, and how she came to know that I had been tossing in those troubled waters, when all on a sudden it occurred to me that, strange as it seemed for people to talk to me of politics, she must have meant the Houses of Lords and Commons. And so she did.

UPTON, BUCKS.

A VIGNETTE from this picturesque little parish has already been figured in vol. xviii. of our Miscellany, with some particulars of its antiquity. In the church are some ancient memorials of the family of Latton, who, so



(Upton Court.)

early as the year 1324, had a seat at Upton, where they continued during, until, and through part of, the sixteenth century. The tithes of Upton formerly belonged to the prior and convent of Bermondsey, to whom they were granted in 1072. The parish was undoubtedly, in past ages, a place of some importance. The delightful retreat, Upton Court, represented below, is stated to have been originally a priory, and there are said to exist a few traces of its monastic appropriation.

Notes of a Reader.

ENGLISH POOR-HOUSES.

[We find the following graphic details in the paper—English Charity—in the *Quarterly Review*, lately published. The author is understood to be Sir Francis Head, and states that he accompanied the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner into East Kent: for four months he never left him for a moment—in fact, the writer was his shadow, and with him, inspected every poor-house in East Kent.]

To give our readers a full and correct notion of the poor-houses in East Kent would be almost as difficult as to sketch him a picture of the variegated surface of this globe. We will endeavour to commence the task by describing, first, the buildings, and then their inmates. The River workhouse, which is on the great Dover road, about three miles from the town, is a splendid mansion, which Mr. Robins would designate as "delightfully situate," and fit for the residence of a "county member" or "NOBLEMAN OF RANK." Modestly retired from the road, it yet proudly overlooks a meandering stream, and the dignity of its elevation, the elegant chasteness of its architecture, the massive structure of its walls, its broad double staircase, its spacious halls, its lofty bed-rooms, and its large windows, form altogether "a delightful retreat," splendidly contrasted with the mean little rate-paying hovels at its feet, which, like a group of wheelbarrows round the Lord Mayor's coach, are lost in the splendour of the gilded spectacle. And though, to be sure, it is not yet paid for—though many of its aged paupers, unable to reach its summit, naturally enough prefer to live "cheap and nasty" in a clinker-built shed which adjoins it—yet not a bit the less on that account does it stand a monument of our inexplicable wealth, a top-heavy symbol of our prosperity, a picture of English policy; it is, in short, for the pauper, what Greenwich Hospital is for the sailor.

Many of the Kentish poor-houses, which about forty years ago were simultaneously begotten by Gilbert's act, bear a strong family resemblance to the proud hero we

have just described. Some are lofty, some low, but all are massive and costly; indeed, it would seem that, provided the plan was sufficiently expensive, no questions were asked. A considerable number of poor-houses, again, are composed of old farm-houses, more or less out of repair. Some are supported by props—many are really unsafe—several living alone in a field seem deserted by all but their own paupers—some stand tottering in a boggy lane, two miles from any dwelling—and in many cases they are so dilapidated, so bent by the prevailing wind, that it seems a problem whether the worn-out, aged inmate will survive his wretched hovel, or it him! Bidding adieu to brick walls and mud ones, broad staircases, and ladders, slated roofs and thatch, we will now proceed to enter these various dwellings.

In some of the largest of these habitations an attempt has evidently been made to classify and arrange the inmates, and, generally speaking, every apartment is exceedingly clean. In one large room are found sitting in silence a group of motionless worn-out men "with age grown double," but neither "picking dry sticks" nor "mumbling to themselves." With nothing to do—with nothing to cheer them—with nothing in this world to hope for—with nothing to fear—geared into all sorts of attitudes, they look more like pieces of ship-timber than men. In another room are seen huddled together in similar attitudes a number of old exhausted women, clean, tidy, but speechless and deserted. Many, we learned, had seen brighter days, and in several instances we were informed that their relations (we will not insult them by calling them *friends*) were "well off in the world;" but whenever we asked whether they were often visited, we invariably received the same reply, "*Oh, no! people seldom takes any notice of 'em after they once gets here.*"

In large airy bed-rooms (separate of course) were found men and women all bed-ridden. As we passed between two ranges of trestles almost touching each other, nothing was to be seen but a set of wrinkled faces which seemed more dead than alive. Many had been lying there for years—many had been inmates of the poor-house for fourteen, fifteen, and eighteen years—few seemed to have any disorder—they were wanting nothing, asking for nothing, waiting for nothing but their death. As we passed one poor man, he said he knew he was dying, and, raising his head from his pillow, he begged hard that "little George" might be sent for; but the master, accustomed to such scenes, would have considered the request inadmissible, had not the Assistant Commissioner ventured rather strongly to enforce it.

The only instance, in all the poor-houses we visited, of any stranger attending upon

its inmates, was in a large room containing about thirty bed-ridden old females. On a trestle there was lying a woman who was not well—she was ill—very ill; in fact, she was dying. Her face was much flushed, she kept pulling at her bed-clothes, and, excepting in one direction, turn which way she would she seemed restless. The only attitude that appeared for a moment to suit her was when she cast her eyes upon a fine, healthy peasant lad, dressed in a smock-frock, saturated with brown clay, who sat by her bed-side. It was her son. Syllable by syllable, and with his finger helping him as he proceeded, he was attempting to read to her the Bible. The job was almost more than he could perform—his eyes, however, never left his book for a moment, but hers occasionally turned upon his face, and then upon the sacred volume in his hand, the sight of both united seeming always to afford her a momentary ease amounting almost to pleasure.

In the Coxheath United-Workhouse we found the following group seated round a small fire:—

David Kettle	aged 99
William Pinson	„ 90
John Hollands	„ 90
Edward Baldwin	„ 76
John Latherby	„ 75

They were all leaning towards the *lad* Latherby, who, in a monotonous tone of voice, was very slowly reading the following prayer to them, out of a tract published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge:—“O Lord Almighty, who givest to thy creatures health and strength, and when thou seest fit visitest them with sickness and infirmity, be pleased to hear the prayers of those who are now afflicted by thy hand. Look down from heaven, behold, visit, and in thine own good time relieve them, and dispose them to place all their trust and confidence in thee, not in the help of man!”

On our taking the pamphlet from his hands to copy the words into our note-book, the five men never altered their attitudes, but during the whole operation sat like the frozen corpses which in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow were found still in the attitude of warming their hands round the white embers of their departed fire!

From these sad pictures of decrepitude we were generally conducted into the apartment belonging to the able-bodied women, who were ordered to rise from their chairs in honour of the entrance of strangers. In their robust outlines, certainly, no wrinkles were to be seen—whatever was their complaint they equally laboured under it all—nature's simplest hieroglyphic sufficiently denoted their state,

“And coming events cast their shadows before.”

Adjoining this room, there was always a den of convalescents—a little land flowing with

milk and honey, which is easier imagined than described. On descending the staircase, the next scene was a room full of sturdy labourers out of work. In hob-nailed half-boots and dirty smock-frocks, they were generally sitting round a stove, with their faces scorched and half-roasted: as we passed them they never rose from their seats, and had generally an over-fed, a mutinous, and an insubordinate appearance. A room full of girls from five to sixteen, and another of boys of about the same age, completed the arrangement. In some cases, they were said to be “completely separated”—that is to say, they could not possibly meet without going up stairs, which “was forbidden.” In other cases, they were, strange to say, separated only “till dusk;” and in many instances their rooms were divided, but they met together, whenever it so pleased them, in the yards. Such is the general state of the large poor-houses of East Kent.

In the smaller ones, the minute classification we have mentioned has been found impossible: all that is effected is to put the males of all ages into one room, and all the females into another. In these cases, the old are teased by the children, who are growled at when they talk, and scolded when they play, until they become cowed into silence. The able-bodied men are the noisy orators of the room; the children listen to their oaths, and, what is often much worse, to the substance of their conversation, while a poor idiot or two, hideously twisted, stands grinning at the scene, or, in spite of remonstrances, incessantly chattering to himself.

In the women's hall, which is generally separated only by a passage from the men's, females of all characters and of all shapes live with infants, children, and young girls of all ages.

In the small tottering hovels we have mentioned, we generally found seven or eight old people at the point of death, an able-bodied labourer or two, with a boy or a young girl. Sometimes we discovered but two or three inmates in these diminutive poor-huts—there was always, however, a being termed “The Governor;” and in one case we found only two paupers, one being “His Excellency,” and the other his guest—

“And so his man Friday kept his house neat and tidy.

For you know 'twas his duty to do so,
Like brother and brother, who live one with another,
So lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe.”

In these poor-houses, so falsely called *work-houses*, we found that the cost of keeping the paupers varied as widely as the character of the dwellings. As there at present exist in England about 500,000 in-door poor, the reader can calculate for himself that a single farthing per day, profusely expended upon each, amounts to rather more than 190,000*l.*

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a-year: this being the case, one would conceive that something like a fixed sum would have been determined upon: but from the reports of 280 parishes which are now lying before us, it appears that the cost of maintaining a pauper in Kent varies from 2s. 2d. a-week to 4s. 6d.; and strange to add, these sums are, in general, granted equally for all inmates,—men, women, children, and even infants a month old; sucking babies being, by pauper-law, as costly and as consumptive as full-grown ploughmen.

However, although there is this wide difference in the cost of the various poor-houses, yet throughout these receptacles the diet differs but little. Almost everywhere the Kentish pauper has what are called three meat-days a week, in many cases four meat-days, and in some cases five; his bread is many degrees better than that given to our soldiers; he has vegetables at discretion; and especially in the large workhouses, it is declared with great pride that "there is no stinting," but that "we gives 'em as much victuals as ever they can eat." It should, however, be observed that we detected a clause in this Act which it is only fair should be explained. It is very true, that the ploughman in the workhouse receives as much as ever he can eat—"Provided always," says the unwritten code, that he clears his plate before he asks for more." In order, therefore, to obtain a third edition of meat, he must previously manage to swallow greens and potatoes enough to choke a pig, and as he is confined to the sty with no other work to perform, our reader will not perhaps be surprised at our previous statement that the able-bodied pauper in the poor-house has the tight appearance of being over-fed.

It happened that when we visited the poor-house of Canterbury, which is conducted under a proclamation very similar to that we have just quoted, we witnessed a scene worth relating. The city is composed of fourteen united parishes, each of which furnishes two citizen-guardians. The government of the poor belongs also to the mayor and corporation, who are, generally speaking, liberal, well-educated men, but as the citizen-guardians out-vote them, they have long agreed to absent themselves from the workhouse Court. The fitting pride of this court is to stuff the pauper at the expense of the lean rate-payer; and on the day of our visiting their workhouse we found that little puddle in a storm. The contractor had happened to furnish a batch of bread, nutritive, wholesome, and to any hungry man most excellent, but a shade darker than was deemed fit for a pauper. We will not say how very many degrees whiter it was than the bread we have eaten with the Russian and Prussian armies—we will merely observe, it was considerably

whiter than the "brown tommy" of our own soldiers, or than that species of luxury known in our fashionable world by the enticing appellation of brown bread. The Canterbury-guardians, however, had declared it to be unfit for the paupers, and the governor had consequently been obliged to furnish them with white bread from one of the bakers of the town. The Assistant Commissioner not only greedily ate of this bread, but respectfully forwarded a loaf of it to the poor-law board, who probably requested Mr. Chadwick to digest it and report thereon. The contractor, however, having the whole batch on his hands, and from pride not choosing publicly to dispose of it, ordered it to be given to his pigs. On proceeding to the stys we found these sensible animals literally gorged with it. All but one were lying on their sides in their straw, grunting in dreams of plethoric ecstasy—a large, hungry, pie-bald hog had just received his share, and as, looking at the Poor-Law Commissioner, he stood crunching and munching this nice bread, there was something so irresistibly comic in his eye, something so sarcastic and satirical, something in its twinkle, that seemed to say—"De gustibus non est disputandum!"—"Citizen-guardians for ever, and down with the poor-law amendment act!"—that the contractor himself was seen to smile,—

"And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of England's commercial prosperity!"

[It need not be observed that the gist of this paper is the defence of the Poor-Law Amendment Act. Into this subject we do not enter; but have merely quoted these ably written facts for their masterly vigour and impressive interest.]

The Public Journals.

A NURSERY REMINISCENCE.

"Macduff.—I cannot but remember such things were."—SHAKESPEARE.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fathead,
There's a top because you're good!"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While Mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play.

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and, with his powder squirt,
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb;
She exclaimed, with fond affection,
"Gracious Goodness! look at Jem!"

Pa' cried, when he saw my garment,
—'Twas a newly purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little warment,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And, to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—"twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! *save* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play!

And the moral which they taught—I
Well remember:—Thus they said,
"Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

GILBERT GURNEY.—A JOVIAL PARTY.

[This is a happy scene; for in nothing is the writer so felicitous, or so much at home, as in describing a dinner, and its incidents. It is as choice in its way as the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison. Every circumstance here related may have occurred. Hull's rubicund face is from the life and to the life, and we never shall look upon it again without Hook in our mind's eye; the Sheriff is a capital city portrait; the wit of the barrister is attic salt to the feast; the poet's fine frenzy is laughably foiled; the actor is judiciously kept under; and, now-a-day, we rarely get any slices from even the *New Monthly* table that savour of such pleasant and genuine humour as the following.]

Passing along Pall-mall, I recognised a friend of my theatrical Mæcenas coming out of an auction-room, where an extensive book sale was going on. I was quite delighted! I scarcely expected, as I had abandoned dramatic literature, and absented myself from the Thespian votaries, that he would recognise me! On the contrary, his plump, rosy cheeks purpled with warmth and kindness, as he held out his hand to take mine, and protested that I was the very man he wanted most particularly to see.

Hull—for so was my warm-hearted friend called—was a very extraordinary person. He knew the business of everybody in London better than themselves. He "happened to know" everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science. Everything came alike to him; to his inquiring eye no mystery continued undiscovered,—from his attentive ear no secret remained concealed. He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted, and with a constitution and complexion fresh

enough to look forty, at a time when I believed him to be at least four times that age. We had a joke against him, in those days, as to his antiquity, in which he heartily and good-naturedly joined, until at last we got him to admit—and, I almost think, believe—that he had sold gunpowder to King Charles the Second, and dined more than once with the witty Lord Rochester.

"Wanted to see me?" said I. "As how?"

"Wanted you to come and meet a few friends at my cottage at Mitcham," said Hull. "All plain and simple,—good wine, I promise you,—and pleasant company; but you are such a fellow, my dear friend. Pooh, pooh! don't tell me; there's no catching you." * * "Mine is but a box, all humble and lowly; there will be a bed at the inn for you to sleep in, and a garden full of gooseberries and currants to stroll about in."

"And pleasant pastime, too," said I. "I, for one, think the despised fruits of our country are amongst the most delicious."

"Despised!" said Hull; "pooh! pooh! nobody can despise gooseberries and currants like mine—I have thousands of them! pooh! pooh! currants as big as marbles! and gooseberries larger than hens' eggs!"

"I'll try them, depend upon it," said I; "what say you to to-morrow?"

"My dear air, the very day I was going to fix," said Hull; "I knew your friend Daly was gone—went out of town by eight this morning—eh—come down to Mitcham—to-morrow you come to me—dine punctually at five—early folks in the country—none of your supper-time dinners there—remember, a bed for yourself—capital stable for your horses at the inn—civil people—very attentive to all my guests—know it would not do if they were not—hundreds of people go there in the course of the summer from my cottage. Good day—good day—you won't come any farther with me, I know you won't—city work don't suit you—God bless you—pooh! pooh!—remember five!"

In those days men drove "gigs," as they since have driven stanhopcs, tilburies, denets, and cabriolets, and I rather piqued myself upon my "turn-out;" my chestnut horse was a fast trotter, and in little more than three-quarters of an hour, from Westminster Bridge, I reached mine host's retreat, the locality of which was specially distinguished by its facing the common, and looking infinitely neater and more rural than the neighbouring houses, whose London-loving owners had decorated their hermitages, villas, cots, and cottages, with knockers, lamps, and brass-plates, one of which specially indicated not only that the red-brick edifice before me was "Belle-vue Lodge," but that its respectable owner's name was "Mr. Blutch."

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house, I saw his good-natured face peering over the hedge which separated his garden from the road, like "a rose in June," flowering on its native stem; in a moment he was at his gate, and in another, I had set my foot in his domain, a little bijou of neatness, niceness, prettiness, and sweetness. I saw company in the garden—heard laughter in the bowers—and casting my eyes through two French windows which opened on the lawn, beheld a table covered for eight. The roses, the mignonette, the heliotropes, all combined their fragrance to refresh the air, and although from its proximity to the highway, Hull's servant had to brush his plants as he did his coat, every morning, to get rid of the dust, it was what the most fastidious critic must have pronounced a delightful little place.

Some of the assembled party were unknown to me, although none of them were unknown to fame; an enthusiastic poet, a witty and agreeable barrister, the editor of a weekly newspaper, a fashionable preacher, and an opulent city merchant, then one of the sheriffs of London, added to one of the popular actors with whom I was previously acquainted, formed a society which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat to one who, like myself, at that time of my life, professed to be only a listener. The sequel, however, was a disappointment. Every one of the guests was celebrated for something, and each one was jealous of his neighbour. Hull, who poohed them about in his best style, endeavoured to draw them out, and force every man to say or do something to contribute to the general amusement; but it was evidently an effort; the poet had a sovereign contempt for the barrister, and whenever he fired a pun, preserved the most imperturbable gravity. The barrister, who was moreover a critic, irritated the actor, who hated the newspaper editor, for the tone he had adopted in his theatrical reviews. The clergyman kept aloof from any controversy with the Thespian; and the Sheriff, who was worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, despised the whole party, and set them down as a parcel of paupers who were obliged to get their bread by the exercise of their talents.

The conversation at dinner consisted of little more than a repetition of pressings and refusings, and of challenges to drink wine, and observations upon the wine itself. The dessert, after Hull's description of his fruit, was rather a disappointment; the currants had been gathered, the gooseberries stolen, but there were still "bushels" of apples; and the cellar afforded the juice of the grape in its best possible state; "hundreds" of bottles graced the board, and every disposition to do ample justice to the profusion of our Amphitryon was manifested by his much-delighted guests.

The conversation, so long as "reason maintained her seat," was not much more cordial or vivacious than it had been earlier in the day. Bucklesbury, the *fetéd* of our host, was marked by his visitors as the general butt for their shafts, and the wags were most assuredly united, if in nothing else, in the determination to make him ridiculous. To say truth, he gave them but little trouble; but as the wine mounted, the feelings and passions of the party began to develop themselves; the claret acted as varnish to the picture, and brought out all the lights and shadows of their minds; and what struck me particularly, who drank less, or at least less rapidly than my companions, was that, exactly in proportion as their animosity towards each other became more evident, they affected an additional degree of candour, prefacing the bitterest and most sarcastic observations, with declarations such as "Not that I think so, it is only what I hear!"—"Of course I don't allude to any particular person!"—"I hope nobody will think;" and so on, until from "gentle converse and communing sweet," the dinner-room assumed the tone and character of a miniature Babel, a fact of which the neighbourhood appeared to be pretty well aware, since groups of Mitchamites were seen looking and listening over the neat trimmed hedge, which, in the earnestness of argument, every body had forgotten was all that separated us from the public road. As the clergyman had left the party some time before it had arrived at its acmé, we had few scruples about our audience, and Hull, who was quite a triton amongst the minnows of Mitcham, "liked it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend, let them hear—they may go a long way before they hear so many clever people talking again. My dear sir, Mr. Bucklesbury, it is not worth my while to have dull people here—I value wit—I appreciate it—I have lived all my life with wits——"—"From Rochester downwards," said the Barrister—"Thank my stars," said Bucklesbury, "I know very little about wits."—"Yet," said Duberly, "you seem always to have your wits about you."—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, checking the vivacity of the lawyer—perfectly aware that his opulent and corpulent friend had as faint a notion of taking as of making a joke.—"Yes, sir," said the citizen, "the man must get up very early who hopes to master me. I've raised myself to my present high station—(Duberly's mouth curled, and the actor made a face)—by plain, plodding industry,—many a little makes a mickle, and you may rely upon it there are more fortunes saved than gained."—"But how the deuce," said Duberly, "is a man to begin saving, who has nothing to begin with?"—"Industry will always furnish the means, and economy will do the rest," said Bucklesbury.

"Sir, I walked my way up to London with half-a-crown in my pocket, and I am now worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, and no man can say black's the white of my eye. I had a friend who left our native town the same day as I did—he travelled by the wagon—" "Like the Thespians," said Duberly.—"Be quiet, Dub," said Hull, giving the barrister a wink, by way of caution not to irritate the actor.—"And what became of him?" said Duberly.—"Him!" exclaimed Hull; "pooh, pooh, Dubs, you know him very well—so do you, Tim—I think we all happen to know him—an excellent man—and an alderman—hey—Mr. Sheriff—eh—I'm right—eh—you dog?"—"You are quite right," said the Sheriff.—"Oh!" said Duberly, "our friend Firkins?"—"To be sure," said Hull.—"Yes; but he's pretty well to do, as a body may say," said the barrister.—"Say!" exclaimed Hull; "what do you mean by 'a body may say?' he is a beggar—that's the consequence of his extravagance."—"A beggar!" said Duberly, "why he is an alderman."—"What has that to do with it?" said Hull.—"I can't exactly say as he is a beggar," said the Sheriff: "he has made his hundred thousand snug, I'll be sworn."—"Well, but my dear friend," said Hull, "that's being a beggar compared with you. My dear sir, I don't mean to say he begs about the streets, I mean to say he has not much more than a hundred thousand pounds."—"Riches, like everything else," said the poet, who was somewhat tired of the subject, and rather anxious to talk, "are comparative; I confess that the value of wealth appears to me to be exactly proportioned to the extent of benefits it enables one to confer—" "Whose benefit is fixed?" said the actor, who hated sentimentality, stretching his head and hand forward, after the fashion of Sylvester Daggerwood.—"I don't mean theatrical benefits, sir," said the poet; "I mean those solid benefits which exalted benevolence confers on suffering genius—these are Mæcenases even in these days."—"That there is," said the Sheriff, "asses of all sorts, I can be sworn, but none much greater than what are called geniuses."—"Or Jenny asses," interrupted Duberly.—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, "pray don't interrupt the Sheriff."—"I never knew but one genius in my life," said Bucklesbury; "and a queer genius he was: he belonged to the town I came from; he used to write verses, and play the fiddle, and sing the drollest songs I ever heard: he was a genius and a poet—and he was hanged for sheep-stealing."—"Clever fellow that," said Hull; "I happened to know him—Jem Fulcher—pooh! pooh!—I've got some of his poetry in my library now—extraordinary character—Tim knew him—eh—did not you?"—"Knew him! to be sure I did!" said the actor; "I gave an imitation of him

after his death; very effective,—capital hit—"—"You came in second," said Duberly; "the hangman had taken him off first."—"I have often," said the newspaper editor, who had hitherto said nothing, "considered rendering the crime of sheep-stealing a capital offence, somewhat a stretch of severity."—"Good!" interrupted Duberly, "a very serious stretch, too—"—"I am not jesting, sir," said the editor; "a person in my station, appointed—I perhaps ought to say, self-appointed—censor of public morals, and arbiter of public opinion, feels himself bound to consider maturely and gravely every subject by which the great mass of the people are likely to be more or less affected."—"S'bud," said the barrister, "but the great mass of the people are not likely to turn sheep-stealers; so perhaps you might spare yourself the pain of undertaking so grave a task upon this particular subject."—"I have had a great respect for sheep-stealers, dead or alive," said the poet,—the Sheriff here drew his chair at least three feet from the inspired bard, who was evidently beginning an oration,— "ever since the days of Jason; the—"—"Well," said Bucklesbury, "I cannot agree with you there, sir."—"I speak of the Argonauts," continued the poet.—"Ah, sir," said Bucklesbury, "I don't mean to say a word against the family of the Arbutnots. But I lived in the country as a boy, and I cannot justify to myself sheep-stealing in any shape whatsoever."

The expression of despair which the countenance of the poet exhibited, was admirably imitated by his opposite neighbour of the "sock and buskin;" and Duberly, who could no longer maintain his equivocal gravity, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Sir," continued the poet, who was very drunk, and getting rather angry, "trace the career of Jason from the moment he left the dragon—"—"Oh, sir!" interrupted the Sheriff, "if your friend goes to the Dragon, I don't say anything about it; I always use the Swan."—"Pray, sir," said the actor, with a look of imperturbable gravity, "how do you use a swan?"—"Like a goose," said Duberly, "I suppose."—"Mr. Hull," said the Sheriff, who did not understand the turn of the conversation, and did not know whether to be angry or pleased, "have you got any coffee for us?"—"Coffee!" said Hull, blushing blue with exultation up to the roots of his hair; "my dear friend, I have three thousand weight of coffee in the house—to be sure there is coffee—and, hey—something after—chasse—I happen to know—splendid dogs you in the city—but I think I have some Maraschino that never was equalled."—"Have him out," said the barrister.—"Pooh! pooh!—my dear Dubs," said Hull; "you have had him out, as you call it, often enough—you and Tim there have drunk

enough to know its quality."—"How, sir," said the newspaper editor, "is the importation of these liqueurs managed? Isn't there something like a case to be made out against the government for permitting the introduction of foreign spirits?"—"Yes," said Duberly, "a liqueur-case."—"I am not joking, Mr. Duberly," said the editor, with a gravity more than proportioned to the occasion; "I speak, sir, for information—I act not for myself but the world at large; men who devote themselves to the service of their country, as I do, do so because they hope it will be profitable——"—"To themselves," interrupted Duberly—"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, raising his glass to his eye, and frowning as severely as the kind, good-natured expression of his countenance would permit him, "you let nobody speak but yourself."—"I beg your pardon," said Dubs, sipping his wine with a provoking coolness, which seemed to indicate a determination to go on for some time, "everybody speaks, except myself, I only observe."—"I remain firm," said the editor, "to my question."—"I can't answer it," said the Sheriff, "for I am not in that line; I know nothing of the spirit business; but I'll be hanged, as far as taste goes, if I don't think good cherry-bounce flogs all the foreign trash in the world."—"You are joking, Mr. Bucklesbury," said Hull, who, whenever anybody candidly spoke in approbation of something of a secondary nature, according to price, fancied he was quizzing him. for Hull, with all his good nature, was tenderly susceptible of being made ridiculous.—"Not I," said the Sheriff; "I have often said to Mrs. B., when we have been dining out,—and when in course one always eats and drinks a considerable sight more than one does at home,—that I, for one, prefer rumshrub or cherry-brandy to all the garuses, and mallyskins, and curasores in the world. However, here, I suppose, you are too fine to have such a thing as cherry-bounce?"—"Bounce!" exclaimed Hull, "cherry-bounce, my dear friend!—there's Dubs can tell you—I have gallons of it—make it by hogsheads—I have seven hundred pints of it in the next room."

Upon saying which, he rang the bell, and ordered the servant—first giving him a key and a caution—to bring forth sundry bottles of the boasted beverage; for, let it always be remembered, that Hull's cases of what might be thought bounce, were all as genuine as this of the cherry-bounce,—he had all the things he talked of, but his magnificence in the way of provision was what one certainly was not prepared for; and therefore until a certain number of cherry-brandy bottles had been produced by way of ratification, it seemed almost impossible to believe the extent of his preparations for conviviality.

Just as we were going to coffee, Hull gave

a sort of supplicatory, hinting look to the actor, indicating a desire that he would sing a song; which, since it grew very near to Monday, and the clergyman had long before departed, seemed not very sinful. Of course, he had a headache and a cold, and "never did," and so on: however, at last he complied, and gave us one of the most entertaining descriptions of a fair, or a fight, or a race—I now forget which—I ever heard in my life, interspersed with sundry imitations of men, women, and children, not to speak of animals, ornithological and mammalian, the effect of which was wound up to a screaming power of laughter, by his introducing the most perfect imitation of the Sheriff himself, who about two minutes after the exhibition began to be beyond measure comical, had dropped his dewlap on his frill, and fallen fast asleep.

Duberly was very much inclined to blacken the Sheriff's face with burnt cork: but Hull, who was the very pink, I might say the crimson, of propriety, would not hear of such a thing; and accordingly we waited until the actor, less scrupulous than Dubs, prepared, *secundum artem*, a pellet of bread, which, well and properly directed against the left eye of Mr. Bucklesbury, caused him to awake from his slumbers, which he did, grunting out, as he raised his head from his waistcoat, clapping his hand at the same time on the table, "Bravo!—very good! Thank you; very good, indeed!"

Up-stairs we went—the Sheriff, of course, taking precedence; and there we had our coffee, our *chasse*, and a little tranquillity; and during this pause, the Sheriff, next whom I was placed, began to talk to me. He had heard that I was neither poet, dramatist, editor, painter, nor player—in short, that I had no intellectual qualities by which I could possibly earn a shilling; but that, on the contrary, I had an income derivable from property which became hereditarily mine: he therefore felt a becoming respect for me. Besides, I had never attempted a joke—indeed, scarcely had spoken; and I therefore imagine I came up to what, in his fat mind, he considered a "quiet, gentlemanly man." He patronized—he fostered me, and I was grateful; and, after having looked at me with his fishy eyes for a minute or two, he asked me, with an earnestness which appeared ill-suited to the question, "whether I had ever eaten marrow-pudding?"

I was somewhat astounded, but I was quite sure it meant something kind, and would lead to something else; so I answered, as, indeed I could not fail to do, if truth were to be my guide, that I had not, nor could imagine how such a composition could be prepared.

"Dine with me to-morrow at the Old Bailey," said the Sheriff.

I said I was very much obliged, but—

"But me no buts," said the Sheriff, "except a butt of Sherry. I say, that's a joke, isn't it? Don't say nothing to them as is here; but you come to the Session's House to-morrow about four. It's the last day. We shall dine at six—Common Sergeant dines at three—Recorder goes down to try—and I shall be glad of your company. Sentences, and all that,—fine sight—shows what I call humane natur—eh? Come—ask for Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury; the devil himself can't prevent you walking in. You understand—mum—not a word. I don't half like these chaps,—that editor, and the poet, I don't understand 'em—and the actor is a deuced sight too funny for me; but—you'll excuse me—I like you, and I says so; I never makes two words of a straw. So come, hear the sentences, and eat marrow-pudding; and don't say a word about it to nobody."

The combination was curious,—to hear sentences and eat marrow-pudding—to see it was indeed a treat. I thereupon agreed to accept the invitation of Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury, who squeezed my hand, in confirmation of the engagement, in a manner which I have never forgotten. If it were possible to imagine a pair of walnut-crackers made to the same size as that of his worship's thumb and fingers, I am quite sure their pressure would be a trifle compared to the grip which I received from my new and extensive friend. I was certain it was done in kindness; but at least a week elapsed before I recovered from the effects of it.

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the facetious Duberly, who believing that the Sheriff was a saint, asked him whether he had any objection to a rubber. Before his answer was given, Hull, who watched his worship with an almost Koo-too-ing kindness, came up, and drawing off the barrister, said to him, "Dubs, Dubs, don't be childish—no cards here on a Sunday."—"No," said Duberly, "I am sure we *shall* have none—for you have none in the house."—"None!" exclaimed Hull, as usual—"no cards! come, come, Tim, you know better than that. I have two hundred and fifty packs in this very room!"

A sort of doubtful murmur ran through the party, and the poet said something of "speaking by the card," when Hull, getting rather angry at being doubted, proceeded to unlock a closet in the room, and the moment the door was opened, at least twenty packs of entirely new cards tumbled out upon the floor; the astonishment was general.

"My dear friend," said Hull, "ought to know me better—I never makes two words true—I bought these cards two years ago—best cards you ever played with—I never buy inferior articles—got them in a lump—two hundred and fifty packs—told you so—you may count 'em, Dubs—I see you laughing,

Tim—you may laugh—count 'em as you would benefit tickets—pooh, pooh, don't tell me."—"Whether we did or not play cards, I really do not now recollect—I remember laughing until I almost cried; at some delightful imitations of the actor. We had anchovy toasts, and broiled bones, and all the incentives to dissipation, in which we speedily engaged; punch and all other destructive and delightful drinks, were introduced; the actor became more and more agreeable; the editor remained pacified; Dubs was delighted; and the poet concluded the sports of the evening, by pulling off his wig, and throwing it at the inimitable favourite of the evening. Then it became noise, confusion, mirth, and mystification; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, I found myself as thirty as a candle, with a tremendous headache, and pains in all my joints, the mere result of excess committed in my early life.—*Excerpted from the New Monthly Mag.*

The Gatherer.

Marengo.—The fate of a battle often hangs, as it were, by a hair. At Marengo, when the day was, to all appearance, lost to the army of the First Consul, Dessaix arrived on the field. It was two o'clock. Napoleon asked his opinion—"What do you think of it?" said the First Consul. Dessaix replied, with the bluntness of a soldier, "By heaven, it is lost!"—"But," said he, at the same time taking out his watch, "it is only two o'clock, and we have time enough left to gain a battle." Dessaix's division gained the battle of Marengo; but, how did the French nation pay a tribute to his memory?—by a paltry subscription of a few pounds towards the erection of a pillar which is a disgrace to the nation.—*United Service Journal.*

The Church.—The following are the number of benefices in each of the dioceses of England and Wales:—Canterbury, 343; St. Asaph, 131; Bangor, 124; Bath and Wells, 441; Bristol, 254; Chichester, 267; St. David's, 407; Ely, 149; Exeter, 611; Gloucester, 281; Hereford, 256; Litchfield and Coventry, 606; Lincoln, 1,234; Llandaff, 192; London, 635; Norwich, 1,021; Oxford, 209; Peterborough, 290; Rochester, 94; Salisbury, 386; Winchester, 416; Worcester, 212; York, 691; Carlisle, 127; Chester, 554; Durham, 146. W. G. C.

In Watt's Soho manufactory, near Birmingham, 400 artisans are constantly employed in the manufacture of steam-engines and boilers alone.

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